

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME XIII.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1884.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER 400

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT!

GREAT SLAUGHTER OF FINE CLOAKS!

—BY—

WELSH & WISEMAN, DANVILLE.

Owing to the unfavorable weather for the sale of Cloaks and having an unusual large stock on hand, the undersigned have determined to offer on Monday next, County Court day, and the week following the Entire Stock at **A GREAT SACRIFICE!** Ladies who have not yet bought their Winter wraps will find this a rare opportunity to do so. **WELSH & WISEMAN.**

WAR TO THE KNIFE! KNIFE TO THE HOLLOW!

NOW THE GENERAL SLAUGHTER BEGINS!

THE GREAT CLOSING-OUT SALE

—AT—

J. W. Hayden's Store,

STANFORD, KY.

Let the people read it in reeling italics. This is a bona-fide **CLOSING-OUT**, not a CLEARANCE SALE! Four Thousand Dollars sold in November; Ten Thousand MUST go in December. This is the week for the **Bloody Slaughter of Prices!** The biggest drives ever offered in Central Kentucky on First-Class Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Fancy Goods, Dry Goods, etc. Special Bargains in Overcoats. Gents' tailor-made Suits, stylish Hats, Gloves, Kentucky Jeans, Rubber Boots, Sandals, Arctics, Coats and Gossamers; Ladies' Wool Shawls, Skirts, Cloaks, Hosiery, Underwear, Fine Dress Goods, Trimmings. A special slaughter in medium Dress Fabrics, Gingham, Flannels and Waterproofs. A fine display of Fancy Articles suitable for Christmas presents. The instructions to salesmen this week are: "Let 'em go! Sell 'em! Never mind the cost marks!" Now is the time and the Great Closing-Out Sale the place!

Having determined to quit the goods business on account of failing health, I have made up my mind to stand any sacrifice that is necessary to close out my stock at once **FOR CASH.**

J. W. HAYDEN.

"Beg your pardon, miss," remarked a Sunday-school superintendent-like-the-big-girls-lookin' sort of a man, as he sat down beside a young lady who was wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, "beg your pardon, miss; but I see you are in trouble. I offer you my assistance. Nothing pains me more deeply than to see a woman in distress. Women were made to be happy and it makes me sad to see you weep here with no one to comfort you. It always grieves me grievously to see a tear in a pretty woman's eye. I was drawn towards you by the magnetism of sympathy. Can I do something for you?" "Yes, you can," the young lady replied, withdrawing her handkerchief and showing one red eye and one saucy one, "perhaps if you will go in the next car and sit there for an hour the nasty mean cinder in my left eye will be attracted by your magnetism and follow you."

He went.—[S. Joseph Gazette.

Siberia, with a population of over 4,000,000, has only two daily, one bi-monthly and two monthly papers.

JUST AS GOOD.

Many unscrupulous dealers may tell you they have remedies for Coughs and Colds equal in merit and in every respect just as good as the old reliable Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, unless you insist upon this remedy and will take no other, you are liable to be greatly deceived. Prices, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

A JUST DECISION.—The decision of the Boston court that reporters can not be compelled to betray the sources of their information on the perils and penalty of contempt of court, is a judicial progression in consonance with the spirit of enlightenment. Such matters should be as much a privileged communication as the talk between a lawyer and his client or a physician and his patient. The reporter is one of the most reliable of instruments that can be invoked to bring crime to light and criminals to the bar of the court. Some of the best detective talent in this country is engaged on the public press in a reportorial capacity. And by the way, the press is a coadjutor of the courts in righting wrongs and in punishing crimes, and should be encouraged rather than discouraged by the courts in contempt cases.—[St. Paul Day.

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching and affording a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

The largest cattle ranch in the country belongs to Richard King, of Texas. It comprises upward of 800,000 acres, all under fence, and nearly 200,000 head of cattle, horses and sheep. This ranch has been eagerly sought by English, French and Dutch capitalists, but the successful competitor is the United States Land and Investment Company, of New York, who have just concluded a purchase at \$6,500,000 for the entire property. The company anticipate an annual income of nearly \$1,500,000 from this source, as the increase of cattle is about 85 per cent.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your great patent medicine." "It helped you didn't it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased. "It helped me wonderfully." "How many bottles did you find necessary to take?" "Oh! I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

The writer of a recent fashion item to the effect that "draperies have not entirely disappeared but are very much simpler," had probably been gazed at a ballet troupe.

FREE DISTRIBUTION.

"What causes the great rush at McRoberts & Stagg's Drug Store?" The free distribution of sample bottles of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchitis now on the market. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

A NEAT SUGGESTION.—This being an era of good feeling in the first degree, why would it not be a graceful tribute to a vanquished foe for Mr. Cleveland to invite Mrs. Lockwood to assist him in opening the inauguration ball?—[New York Tribune.

Easy to See Through.

How can a watch—no matter how costly—be expected to go when the mainspring won't operate? How can any one be well when his stomach, liver or kidneys are out of order? Of course you say, "He can not." Yet thousands of people drag along miserably in that condition; not sick, but not able to work with comfort and energy. How foolish, when a bottle or two of Parker's Tonic would set them all right. Try it, and get back your health and spirits.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this country we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

G. R. Waters

REPRESENTS—

D. H. Baldwin & Co.,
Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., dealers in Steinway & Sons' Decker Bros' Haines', J. & C. Fischer, Vose & Sons', Baldwin & Co.'s Cottage, Upright and Square Piano Fortes; also the Estey, Shoninger and Hamilton Organs. Instruments sold at prices and terms to suit purchasers. Don't give your orders till you get our prices and terms. Post-office, Danville, Ky.

G. F. Peacock

THE DRUGGIST.

HUSTONVILLE, - - KY.,

Will be in the market with a better stock of

Christmas Goods!

Than ever before. Especial attention is called to a

Large Stock of Silverware & Jewelry.

Will compete in prices with anybody. Call and see them.

MURPHY BROS.,
Paris, Tex.
has taken the lead in the sale of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. He has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the old world.
A. L. SMITH,
Headed, Pa.
Sally Druggists,
Price \$1.00.

W. F. McLARY

Is a candidate for representative of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the democracy.

JOHN H. MILLER

Is a candidate for representative of Lincoln county in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the democracy.

Saw Mill For Sale!

Having determined to change my business, I offer for sale (privately) my Saw Mill, situated on Brush Creek, in Casey county, Ky. The Engine is stationary; Boiler 40x24; Engine 10x20; Counter Shaft 25 feet. Edging Saw and Grist Mill attached. The property is well-known and

In Good Running Order.

Timber plenty and accessible. I would be willing to exchange for good farm stock, such as Horses, Cattle, &c.
Persons wishing to engage in the lumber business will find a good opening by applying to
HIGH LOGAN,
Hustonsville, Ky.
250-1f

A Grand Combination

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

—And the Louisville—

Weekly Courier-Journal

One year for only \$2—two papers for little more than the price of one.

By paying us \$3 you will receive for one year your home paper with the Courier-Journal, the representative newspaper of the South, democratic and for a tariff for revenue only, and the best, brightest and ablest family weekly in the United States. Those who desire to examine a sample copy of the Courier-Journal can do so at this office.

A Word to Young Democrats.

There are many thousands of young democrats who now fondly hope to get into office. There is a fascination about official position, however humble, that readily tempts even sensible young men, and often old men as well, to desert the content of industry and fugacity to enter the feverish, ill-requited and unsatisfying field of political mendicancy. There is but one sensible answer to give to all such, and that is the advice of Punch to young folks about to get married—don't.

If any young Democrat imagines that the possession of office is a heaven of bliss, let him take a week and spend a few dollars looking over the now trembling official departments who have gone before. Let him go to Washington and look over the thousands of government subordinates there. Let him gaze into their shadowed faces; at the genteel poverty that asserts itself in their apparel, and at the bowed and silvered look to removal as starvation. Let the victims of this once pleasing ambition be consulted, and the sensible young Democrat will return to his home and the content of honest industry, cured of office begging.

No greater unkindness can be shown to any young man of fitness for subordinate public office, than to gratify the dream of his ambition by giving him a clerkship or tide-water in one of the departments at Washington, or in one of the city Federal offices. Of those who will seek office, not one in five will be successful; of those who are successful, not one-half will better their condition even for the present, and of the other half, only the bitterness will be their portion. Not one subordinate in five hundred ever rises above the position of a dependent. It is a worse than wasted life to many, a profitless life to all. Don't.—[Philadelphia Times]

A ten-ton tank wagon of greases was despatched from Newcastle, England, to the North. While it was passing along the Caledonian line at Blackford it was discovered that a brass plug three inches in diameter in the bottom of the tank, and used for emptying it had fallen out. The leakage was so great that the ground between the rails for thirty yards was covered with oil fully three inches in depth. The station master at Blackford and the porters endeavored to plug the hole with waste, but before the leakage was stopped the tank was nearly empty. By this time the stream of oil over the north embankment of the railway into and adjacent field, where there is a drain leading to the river Allen, a distance of 150 yards. The oil, getting into the conduit, poured into the river, killing every living thing as it came down as Dunblane. Thousands of fish lay dead in the river, no fewer than 300 being counted in one pool. The eels were killed, and a number of water rats were poisoned. The Allen is a favorite stream with anglers, but it is stated that years must elapse before the river is restored to the condition in which it was before the accident.

A newspaper proprietor advertised for an advertisement canvasser, and his test of their fitness, as they applied, was to tell them to get out of the office that instant or he would kick them out. Several timid young men turned tail and left with great disgust, but one, more brazen faced than the rest, nothing daunted by the threat, he coolly sat down and said he would not go until his testimonials had been read. So he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and handed in his papers. "All," said the advertiser you'll do, I can see. I don't want testimonials; your style is enough for me. No one will ever succeed as an advertisement canvasser who will be influenced by a threat to be kicked out any office."

After much experimenting, Dr. Richardson has found a satisfactory means of causing painless death, and has introduced it into the Home for Lost Dogs in London. The animals are killed by a mixture of carbonic acid and chloroform vapor, when they tranquilly fall asleep and awake no more.

A farmer's wife says that three tablespoonfuls of ground Java coffee given to a cow in a meal will cure the scours, and a less quantity given to a calf or pig will never fail to accomplish the desired result.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. I am guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or my money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at T. & P. Penny.

An Want Answered.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and whose daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back or any urinary complaints quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels and act on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50 cents a bottle by T. & P. Penny.

A Lawyer's Opinion of Interest to All. J. A. Turner, Esq., a lead attorney of Wisconsin, writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. I have never failed to cure the most severe Colds I have had and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial Bottles of this sure cure for all Coughs and Lung Diseases may be had free at T. & P. Penny's Drug Store. Large size \$1.

DARK DAYS

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."



"Too late! What can you mean?" Has any other—

I rose without a word. The room seemed whirling around me. The only thing which was clear to my sight was that cursed gold band on the fair white hand—that symbol of possession by another! In that moment hope and all the sweetness of life seemed swept away from me.

Something in my face must have told her how her news affected me. She came to me and laid her hand upon my arm. I trembled like a leaf beneath her touch. She looked beseechingly into my face. "Oh, not like that!" she cried. "Basil, I am not worth it. I should not have made you happy. You will forget—you will find another. If I have wronged or misled you, say you forgive me. Let me hear you, my true friend, wish me happiness."

I strove to force my dry lips to frame some conventional phrase. In vain! words would not come. I sank into a chair and covered my face with my hands. The door opened suddenly and a man entered. He may have been about forty years of age. He was tall and remarkably handsome. He was dressed with scrupulous care; but there was something written on his face which told me it was not the face of a good man. As I rose from my chair he glanced from me to Philippa with an air of suspicious inquiry.

"Dr. North, an old friend of my mother's and mine," she said, with composure. "Mr. Farmer," she added, with a blush crept round her neck as she indicated the newcomer by that name which I felt sure was now also her own.

I bowed mechanically. Inside a few disquieting remarks about the weather and kindred topics; then I shook hands with Philippa and left the house, the most miserable man in England.

Philippa married, and married secretly. How could her pride have stooped to a clandestine union? What manner of man was he who had won her? Heavens! he must be hard to please; if he cared not to show his conquest to the light of day. Carl sneaked coward! villain! Stay; he may have his own reasons for concealment—reasons known to Philippa and approved of by her. Not a word against her. She is still my queen; the one woman in the world to me. What she has done is right!

I passed a sleepless night. In the morning I wrote to Philippa. I wished her all happiness—I could command my pen, if not my tongue. I said no word about the secrecy of the wedding, or the evil so often consequent to such concealment. But, with a foreboding of evil to come, I begged her to remember that we were friends; that, although I could see her no more, whenever she wanted a friend's aid, a word would bring me to her side. I used no word of blame, I risked no expression of love or regret. No thought of my grief should jar upon the happiness which she doubtless expected to find. Farewell to the dream of my life! Farewell, Philippa!

Such a passion as mine may, in these matter-of-fact, unromantic days, seem an anachronism. No matter whether to sympathy or ridicule, I am but laying bare my true thoughts and feelings.

I would not return to my home at once. I shrank from going back to my lonely hearth and beginning to eat my heart out. I had made arrangements to stay in town for some days, so I stayed, trying by a course of what is termed gaiety to drive remembrance away. Futile effort! How many have tried the same reputed remedy without success!

And this was her husband—Philippa's husband!

Four days after my interview with Philippa I was walking with a friend who knew every one in town. As we passed the door of one of the most exclusive of the clubs I saw, standing on the steps talking to other men, the man whom I knew was Philippa's husband. His face was turned from me, so I was able to direct my friend's attention to him.

"Who is that man?" I asked. "That man with the gardenia in his coat is Sir Mervyn Ferrand."

"Who is he? What is he? What kind of a man is he?" "A baronet. Not very rich. Just about the usual kind of man you see on those steps. Very popular with the ladies, they tell me."

"He married?" "Heaven knows! I don't. I never heard of a Lady Ferrand, although there must be several who are morally entitled to use the designation."

The more I thought of the matter the more I felt I grew. The dread that she had been in some way deceived almost drove me mad. The thought of my proud, beautiful queen some day finding herself humbled to the dust by a scoundrel's deceit was anguish. What could I do?

My first impulse was to demand an explanation, then and there, from Sir Mervyn Ferrand. Yet I had no right or authority so to do. What was I to Philippa save an unsuccessful suitor? Moreover, I felt that she had revealed her secret to me in confidence. If there were good reasons for the concealment, I might do her irretrievable harm by letting this man know that I was aware of his true position in society. No, I could not call him to account. But I must do something, or in time to come my grief may be rendered doubly deep by self-reproach.

The next day I called upon Philippa. She would at least tell me if the name under which this man married her was the true or the false one. Alas! I found that she had left her home the day before—left it to re-visit her mother's grave, but believed it was her intention to leave England.

After this I threw prudence to the winds. With some trouble I found Sir Mervyn Ferrand's town address. The next day I called on him. He also, I was informed, had just left England. His destination was also unknown.

Turned away moodily. All chance of doing good was at an end. Let the marriage be true or false, Philippa had departed, accompanied by the man who, for purposes of his own, passed under the name of Farmer, but who was really Sir Mervyn Ferrand.

I went back to my home, and amid the week of my life's happiness murmured a prayer, and registered a vow. I prayed that that honor and happiness might be the lot of her I loved; I swore that were she wronged I would with my own hand take vengeance on the man who wronged her.

For myself I prayed nothing—not even forgiveness. I loved Philippa; I had lost her forever! In the past, the present, the future were all summed up in these words!

CHAPTER II.

A VILLAIN'S BLOW. They tell me there are natures strong enough to be able to crush love out of their lives. Ah! not such love as mine! Time, they say, can heal every wound. Not such a wound as mine! My whole existence underwent a change when Philippa showed me the wedding-ring on her finger. No wonder it did. Hope was eliminated from it. From that moment I was a changed man.

Life was no longer worth living. The spur of ambition was blunted; the desire for fame gone; the interest which I had hitherto felt in my profession vanished. All the spring, the elasticity, seemed taken out of my being. For months and months I did my work in a perfunctory manner. It gave me no satisfaction, but I cared nothing for larger. I worked, but I cared nothing for my work. Success gave me no pleasure. An increase to the number of my patients was positively unwelcome to me. So long as I made money enough to supply my daily needs, what did it matter? Of what use was wealth to me? It could not buy me the one thing for which I craved. Of what use was life? No wonder that such friends as I had once possessed all but forsook me. I mood at that time was none of the sweetest. I wanted no friends. I was alone in the world; I should be always alone.

So things went on for more than a year. I grew worse instead of better. My gloom deepened; my cynicism grew more confirmed; my life became more and more aimless.

These are not lovers' rhapsodies. I would spare you them if I could; but it is necessary that you should know the exact state of my mind in order to understand my subsequent conduct. Even now it seems to me that I am writing this description with my heart's blood.

Not a word came from Philippa. I made no inquiries about her, took no steps to trace her. I dared not. Not for one moment did I forget her, and through all those weary months tried to think of her as happy and to be envied; yet, yet, yet, as I thought of her, I pictured her lot as it might really be.

But all the while I knew that the day would come when I should learn whether I was to be thankful that my prayer had been answered, or to be prepared to keep my vow.

In my misanthropic state of mind I heard without the slightest feeling of joy or elation that a distant relative of mine, a man from whom I expected nothing, had died and left me the bulk of his large property. I cared nothing for this unexpected wealth, except for the fact that it enabled me to free myself from a round of toil in which by now I took not the slightest interest.

Had it but come two or three years before. Alas! all the things in this life come too late.

Now that I was no longer forced to mingle with men in order to gain the means of living, I absolutely shunned my kind. The wish of my youth, to travel in far countries, no longer existed with me. I disposed of my practice—or rather I simply handed it over to the first comer. I left the town of my adoption and bought a small house—it was little more than a cottage—some five miles away from the tiny town of Roding. Here I was utterly unknown, and could live exactly as I chose; and for months it was my choice to live like a hermit.

My needs were ministered to by a man who had been for some years in my employment. He was a handy, faithful fellow; honest as the day, stolid as the Sphinx; and, for some reason or other, so much attached to me that he was willing to perform on my behalf the duties of housekeeping which are usually relegated to female servants.

Looking back upon that time of seclusion, as a medical man, I wonder what would eventually have been my fate if events had not occurred which once more forced me into the world of men? I firmly believe that brooding in solitude over my grief would at last have affected my brain, and the sooner or later I must have developed symptoms of melancholia. Professionally speaking, the probabilities are I should have committed suicide.

Even in the depth of my degradation I must have known the dangers of the path which I was treading; for, after having passed six dreary months in my lonely cottage, I was trying to brace myself to seek a change of scene. I shrank from leaving my quiet abode; but every day formed aresh the resolve to do so.

Yet the days, each the same as its forerunner, went by, and I was still there. I had books, of course. I read for days together; but, alas! I would throw the volumes aside, and with a bitter smile, ask myself to what end was I directing my studies. The accumulation of knowledge! Tush! I would give all the learning I had acquired, all that a lifetime of research could acquire, to hold Philippa for one brief moment to my heart, and hear her say she loved me! If in the whirl of men, in the midst of hard work, I found it impossible to conquer my hopeless passion, how could I expect to do so living as I at present lived!

There! my egotistical descriptions are almost over. Now you know why I said that you must sit by the fire and think with me; must enter, as it were, into my inner self before you can understand my mental state. Whether you sympathize with me or not depends entirely on your own organization. If you are so constituted that the love of one woman, and one only, can pervade your

very being, fill your every thought, direct your every action, make life to you a blessing or a curse—of love, comes to you in this guise, you will be able to understand me.

PROFESSIONAL

ALEX. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DANVILLE, KY. Will practice in the Courts of Boyle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

J. S. FISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, And Master Commissioner Rockcastle Circuit Court, MT. VERNON, KY. Will practice in the Rockcastle Courts. Collections a specialty. Office in Court-house. [136]

LEE F. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST, STANFORD, KY. Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Hotel. Rooting and filling, and all the latest and pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

DR. W. B. PENNY, Dentist, STANFORD, KENTUCKY. Office over Robt. S. Lytle's store. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary. [154-lyr.]

Mules for Sale!

On account of my failing health, I offer for sale my well known work Mules, 16 lands high, used to the cart, sound, gentle and true pullers, and when I advertise in THE INTERIOR JOURNAL I have never failed to sell, and at that.

T. T. DAVIES, Stanford, Ky. [295-47]

DRESS-MAKING!

I have removed to corner Main & Depot sts., and am prepared to serve the ladies in Dress-Making and other kinds of sewing in the best style and at reasonable rates. Soliciting a share of your patronage, I am, respectfully,

MISS ELLA SHILEY, Stanford, Ky. 292-1m

H.C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial.

H.C. RUPLEY.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RY.

Kentucky's Route East

Washington, Philadelphia, N.Y.

PULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS

A SOLID TRAIN

Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington, Ky.

WASHINGTON CITY.

New York.

The Direct Route to Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk.

All Virginia and North Carolina Points.

For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office, address as follows:

W. E. ARNOLD, Advertising Agt., Ticket and Pass Agt., 222 North Second St., Louisville, Ky. C. W. SMITH, Gen'l Manager, Richmond, Virginia.

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Northwest and Southwest by the way of LOUISVILLE or CINCINNATI.

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Fast Time and Sure Connections

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Connections made in Union Depot, St. Louis, with trains of lines going West, Northwest and Southwest.

For full and reliable information in regard to Land, etc., in the Western States, Maps, Guides and lowest special rates for Tickets and Household Goods to all points West call on or address

Passenger Agt. Ohio & Mississippi Railway, Louisville, Ky. W. W. PEARODY, W. B. SHATTUCK, Pres't and Gen'l Mgr., Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. W. PARIN, Central Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A PRIZE

Send 6 cents for postage and receive a free, costly box of goods, which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address T. & C. Co., Augusta, Maine.

\$200 Reward!

A Reward of Two Hundred Dollars will be paid by the friends of the late J. N. Benedict for the capture of his murderer, Henry Roberts. Roberts is about 25 years of age, dark complexion, hazel eyes, smooth face and very bad countenance, rather heavy built, weighing probably 150 pounds.

FARM FOR SALE!

I have been appointed agent for the sale of the farm of Mrs. P. C. Bain and heirs, containing 130 Acres, lying 1/2 of a mile from Hustonville on the Liberty Pike and I hereby offer it privately. It has a good dwelling-house of two stories and 6 rooms, besides the necessary out-buildings. It is well watered and is good, rich land worth much more than is asked for it.

Apply to me for further particulars. 257-51m H. T. BUSH, Stanford, Ky.

Stanford Female College.

With a Full Corps of Teachers, This Institution will open its Fifteenth Session on the 1st Monday in September next.

THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE

Are taught, as well as MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the regular Departments. Primary, \$25. Intermediate \$30. Preparatory, \$40. and College, \$50.

For full particulars, as to Board, etc., address MRS. M. C. TRUEBART, Principal, Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

MYERS HOTEL, STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, Prop'r

This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its High Reputation.

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations for transient travelers. The Hotel is always supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.

MURRAY'S SPECIFIC.

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Stanford, Ky. March 17th, 1884. [Signed] D. McKittrick, R. T. Bush, E. Field, R. Cobb, Higgins Kelly, R. G. J. F. Gover, T. J. Hill, J. A. Harris, W. J. Carter, E. Carter, J. J. Foster, T. M. White, H. E. Marcus, M. T. Russell, A. D. Newland, W. W. Givens, Jas. H. Prewitt.

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MAYSVILLE BRANCH.

North-Bound. No. 52, Daily, Ex. Sun. No. 54, Daily, Ex. Sun.

Lve Covington..... 2 00 p.m. " Lexington..... 2 15 " " Paris..... 2 30 " " Arr Millersburg..... 2 45 " " " Johnson..... 3 00 " " " Maysville..... 3 15 "

South-Bound. No. 52, Daily, Ex. Sun. No. 54, Daily, Ex. Sun.

Lve Maysville..... 5 45 a.m. " Johnson..... 6 00 " " " Carlisle..... 6 15 " " " Millersburg..... 6 30 " " " Lexington..... 6 45 " " " Covington..... 7 00 "

NOTE.—Train No. 5 runs daily from Knoxville, Winchester and Lexington to Covington. Train No. 1 runs via Lexington and Paris, and not via Winchester and Paris.

Train No. 6 is daily except Sunday between Lexington and Paris, but is daily from Cincinnati to Knoxville.

Lexington and Paris:—No. 52, daily except Sunday, leave Paris 20 a.m.; arr Lexington 9 10 a.m. No. 53, daily except Sunday, leave Lexington 4 30 p.m.; arrive Paris 5 15 p.m.

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